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*Main Entrance.
London Normal
School*

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To the Graduating Class of 1937-1938:

YOU will recall the famous tale, "The Forty Thieves," in which the hero, Ali Baba, overheard the magic formula which gave him entrance to the robbers' cave. He had just to speak the secret password, "Open sesame," to be admitted to the treasure house. He had obtained the master key to all the robbers' store of gold and jewels.

Before you start upon your new career, I wish to offer you a master key which will admit you to the greatest treasures that the world can give. This magic key is represented by a little English word. To what it signifies you owe all that you have so far achieved; to it must be ascribed whatever you accomplish in the future. The possession of this master key makes all things possible to each of you; the lack of it makes life a dreary waste of barren hopes. Through it alone the great men of the past attained the heights toward which they strove. It is the "open sesame" to every door of real success in every field of effort. It makes the stupid clever; it makes the clever brilliant; it makes the brilliant steady. To you as teachers it will prove a healing balm in solitude and loneliness; it will make your classroom practice more effective; it will secure for you a tangible reward in quick promotion to a higher post; and it will give you when the day is done that sense of satisfaction which constitutes the best of life's rewards. This magic master key is WORK.

W. J. KARR,

Director of Professional Training.

Department of Education,
Toronto, May 2, 1938.



TEACHING STAFF

Back Row—

W. F. MARSHALL, GEO. W. HOFFERD, E. H. MCKONE, DOROTHY EMERY, T. E. CLARKE, ANDREW F. HAGERMAN, C. E. WHEELER
M.A., D.Paed. B.A., B.Paed. A.O.C.A. B.A., B.Paed. F.C.C.O.

Front Row—

ISABEL F. DAVIDSON, LOUISE GAHAN, C. E. MARK, J. G. McEACHERN, WINNIFRED R. PRENDERGAST, DORIS RIDER, B.A.
B.A., D. Paed. B.A., B. Paed.

To the Class of 1938

IT has been a matter of frequent comment among the various members of the staff that this class has earned a reputation for courtesy, amiability, and a splendid school spirit throughout. This is something to be proud of. It is evidence of characteristics which, combined with reasonable intelligence, and reasonable application, should carry you far. If you can awaken and foster this same fine spirit in your pupils, you will have made no small contribution to Canadian citizenship.

Our blessing goes with you in this endeavour.

C. E. MARK, B.A., D. Paed.,

Principal.

School Management, Methodology of Geography and Spelling.

YOU are on the threshold of a new world. In it may you ever continue to cultivate that cheerful and sincere outlook which we tried to foster in you at Normal. Teaching is a great adventure, and when its problems perplex you,

*"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teaching."*

Her wonders and beauty will give you release. The experience of observation and reflection will renew ability to cultivate the highest and best in the capacity of pupils. Your responsibility is to sow seeds of kindness, to develop citizens of high ideals, and to cultivate the attitude of relating cause and effect. Success in these things depends upon your studious habits, common sense and good will.

"While the earth remaineth seed time and harvest shall not fail."

G. W. HOFFERD, M.A., D.Paed.

Methodology of Science, Agriculture and Horticulture, Nature Study.

A RECENT biographer says of the great headmasters of the English Public Schools, "These men were great teachers because they were great personalities."

You are entering a field of endeavor that should enrich your personality. You will participate in worth-while efforts, both in and out of school; you will widen your contacts with nature, science, and art; and you will associate with the best minds, not only of the past, but also of your own time and place. And only as you yourselves continue to develop can you give that leadership that will help each pupil to realize his own best self.

T. E. CLARKE, B.A., B.Paed.

Science of Education, Methodology of Grammar and Composition.

AS a parting message, in the words of the prophet of old, "I say unto you, strengthen the things that do remain." While so many human beings to-day are seeking after material things which at best are transitory and non-satisfying, it behooves the teacher to look to his fortifications, and greatly strengthen them. Of these your appreciation of literature and reading, which is largely in the incipient stage, must inevitably decay unless nourished by frequent recourse to the works of the great masters. It is here where you will find those things that are most satisfying and that make for permanency, and where your appreciation of the best to be found in books will be enlarged. Strengthen the things that do remain.

J. G. McEACHERN, B.A., B.Paed.

Advanced English, Methodology of Literature, Reading and History.

WE are living in an age when everything is standardized and the great danger that youth faces is that of becoming acceptors of standards and of losing the power of making independent decisions. Teachers should be leaders of thought, not mere followers. They best serve themselves, their classes, their country, even the world, when they learn to form their own ideals, make their own decisions, and train their pupils to do the same.

E. H. McKONE, B.A., B.Paed.

School Management, Methodology of Arithmetic, Primary Reading, Algebra and Geometry.

To the Class of 1938 . . . Continued

HAPPINESS never resides in what an individual has, but always in what the individual does. It never consists of what the individual receives, be it much or little, but always of what he gives, not in money, but of himself.

Certainly it does not reside in an easier life, but in a more active life, especially in old age, most positively it does not come from a fine and costly education, but from the personality traits which the individual develops. (*J. C. Link, Ph.D.*).

ANDREW F. HAGERMAN,

Instructor in Manual Training.

TO the students of 1937-38 we wish success, happiness and an abundant life. The fulfilment of these lies within your own powers. Friendships, a genuine interest and enthusiasm in one's work with a body and mind attuned to do our service, make up a triumvirate that will carry you far towards your goal.

May the memories of your days spent together remain bright and the friendships formed be true and lasting.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL E. DAVIDSON,

Dean of Women and Instructor in Household Science and Hygiene.

THE closing of this year at the London Normal School is the beginning of your future in the teaching profession. May this year always be a pleasant memory linking the past with the future. You have made true friends of staff and students alike.

*"The friends thou hast, and their affection tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."*

DORIS RIDER, B.A.,

Instructor in Physical Education.

Art does not imitate but interprets. (*Mazzini*).

DOROTHY EMERY, A.O.C.A.,

Instructor in Art.

"MUSIC, at its best, is an interpretation of a mood, of an ideal, of an emotion, a revelation of the things of the spirit which words make cold, or fail to describe. The mission of musical study is to enlarge the perception of what music contains, so that its full richness may be available for all.

A real understanding of music, then, is not a mark of caste, but a state of existence."

Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

Eminent Conductor.

C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O.,

Instructor in Music.

"THE aim of education or culture is merely the development of good taste in knowledge and good form in conduct."

(*Lin Yutang—The Importance of Living*).

W. F. MARSHALL,

Instructor in Writing.

"THEY that have read about everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again."—*Channing.*

LOUISE GAHAN,

Librarian and Instructor in Library Methods.

ALL year long I have provided keys for many of your treasures; I have solicitously scanned your records as they came in; my heart has gone out to many of your tales of woe; and now my best wishes go with you for success wherever you may go.

WINIFRED R. PRENDERGAST.

Secretary and Registrar.

To Our Critic Teachers

DURING this past school year our associations have been with two different groups of teachers—Masters and instructors in the Normal School and critic teachers in the practice schools. To the former we owe a deep debt of gratitude for the complete fairness and sympathy which they have always manifested towards us.

We wish also to express our appreciation to that other group of teachers—the critic staff. The word critic gives the suggestion that practice school teachers are ever ready to censure the efforts of inexperienced, unpolished young student teachers. This has never been true in our experience; never have they been quick to berate our attempts. Always they have been a source of patient guidance and of inspiring enthusiasm for their chosen profession. In the learning process criticism is a necessary factor. Thus, through their kindly and constructive criticism, we have learned which elements of our methods to discard and which to retain. Any material useful in our lessons was always put at our disposal. Another thing which we appreciated was the fact that they always took into consideration our week-end tests and were more lenient in their assignments near the end of the week. Perhaps memories of their experiences as beginners in teaching have filled them with an understanding of and sympathy for the difficulties in which we found ourselves, for they have tried to make our training just as pleasant and profitable as they possibly could.

Looking back over this year, we realize just how little we could have accomplished had it not been for their kindly criticism and good practical advice. Right from that first uncertain day they have been guiding us on, along the straight and ever widening way of correct pedagogical methods.

For all these things, may we express to the members of the critic staff our sincere appreciation.

—A. Louise Lonsbery.

Governor Simcoe School

Mr. T. J. Thompson, B.A.
Miss M. Lancaster, B.A.
Miss Z. Fawkes
Miss V. Tisdale
Miss I. McLeish
Miss L. R. Hoffman
Miss I. P. Graham
Miss M. Buckle

Tecumseh Avenue School

Mr. J. T. Parkinson
Miss E. I. Davey
Miss G. Morris
Miss H. Rogers
Miss M. Gregory

Wortley Road School

Mr. W. B. Wyatt
Miss S. E. McKone
Miss A. Hodges
Miss C. Sparling
Mrs. P. Smith
Mr. T. A. Willis
Miss A. Davidson

Victoria School

Miss A. Clarke
Miss E. Deane
Miss G. Bapty

RURAL SCHOOLS

Mr. W. G. Rigney
Mr. H. Gilbert
Miss H. Webb
Miss I. Loft
Miss M. McLean
Miss L. M. Insell
Miss M. Penhale
Mrs. Paterson

HIGH SCHOOL CRITIC TEACHERS

South Collegiate

Mr. J. F. Calvert, M.A.
Mr. W. T. Armstrong, B.A.
Mr. A. McKillop, B.A.
Mr. H. B. Dinsmore, B.A.
Miss B. McCamus, B.A.
Mr. T. S. H. Graham, M.A.

Central Collegiate

Mr. J. P. S. Nethercott, B.A.
Mr. C. S. Buck, M.A.
Mr. E. O. Hall, M.A.
Mr. W. R. Urlin, B.A.
Miss D. McCann, B.A., B. Paed.
Mr. E. A. Miller, M.A.
Mr. R. G. Campbell, B.A.



A FEW short months ago we, the class of '38, came to the London Normal School. Now "the long day wanes" and we stand in the twilight of another school year.

At the outset we thought of our chosen career as a great adventure upon which we were about to embark. We brought with us the ambitions and high ideals of youth, but a very limited knowledge of our chosen profession. At times, perhaps, we have felt that we were falling short of our aims, and that our ideals were not being actualized. We met discouraging situations, but we turned these apparent obstacles into means of progress. In so doing our understanding has been broadened and our conception of life deepened.

A plateau is dull, flat, uninteresting,—we have been shown that we must have the valleys else we should not appreciate the heights. Now, as we stand on the threshold of our chosen profession we pause, and turn with a deep sense of gratitude to honour our masters and instructors who, through their untiring efforts and sacrifice, have sharpened our appreciation of those heights and directed our unsteady footsteps up the path which leads us to self-realization and success.

Common interests and ambitions have guided us as a group of students in the development of co-operation, good sportsmanship, and, above all, a true spirit of goodwill. The result has been that we have experienced the joy of the making of friendships based, not on the chance acquaintanceships of the year, but on more lasting understandings and sympathies. The time has come for parting. We turn to go, but "cast one longing, lingering look behind."

We are approaching another stage of life's progress. A new pathway has been opened to us; immediately it gives greater responsibility and influence; further on along "that untravelled way" lies the path of the ambitious teacher—the way which demands that we remain industrious, conscientious students throughout life. Let us take this path, so that as we advance we may experience the joy which comes only from self-realization and service to others.

As we go forth, let us always remember the wonderful relationship between to-day's labours **well done** and to-morrow's reward. We stand to-day as monitors of young minds, our country's greatest resources. If we fulfil this trust well, then shall we "build from age to age

An undefiled heritage."

DONALD M. FORTUNE

Foreword

THIS is the 1938 issue of the Spectrum, prepared with infinite care and patience for your enjoyment.

I wish to commend my most able and efficient staff of assistants for the untiring energy and unwavering devotion in their work.

To those who contributed to the magazine we say a grateful "Thank you." We received much more than we could use.

To the masters who have so kindly co-operated with us in producing this year book we extend our warmest appreciation. Without them the task would have been impossible.

We of the year book staff sincerely hope that this issue of the Spectrum will stand out in the true significance of its name; that it will break the light, which throughout the year has emanated from our brilliant student body, into its component parts and shed the proper colour on each and every activity.

—Robert Harris.

EDITORIAL



The Year at Normal

THE time has come for us to gather up our books, bid farewell to masters, students, Normal, landladies—friends all—and depart to our several homes, thence to fare forth in search of a school.

There is not one of us but will say he is glad he came to Normal. It has been a great educational experience such as no other school could have given. Since coming to Normal we have all been changed, slowly perhaps, but nevertheless changed, and all the cupboards of our inner beings have been ransacked for material to construct personalities which transcend those we brought with us here on October 14, 1937.

Our practice teaching has been our greatest educational influence. It has given us a glimpse of the world we are to enter next fall, where each of us will be in charge of some little unit. It has given us confidence before an audience and practice in leadership and direction. It has given us the sense of being grown up and taking our place in the scheme of things.

Our work in connection with the Normal School itself has taught us self discipline. Few of

us did very much homework in high school, but when confronted nightly here with as many as six hours of homework we learned to resist the temptation to loaf and went at it with an all-conquering will to win.

In the literary society and student parliament we learned to co-operate with others in presenting entertainments and conducting parties. We gained ideas of various forms of meetings and how to conduct them. We were set high standards to live up to.

In athletics and social activities we found relaxation from toil and learned to really appreciate wholesome fun and frolic.

All this and more has been our lot during the past year. Moving and guiding us through it all were our masters and instructors for whom we have nothing but gratitude, praise and profound respect. Taken all in all we could never have found a better place to spend a year of our lives, nor a place from which we would bear away so many pleasant and profitable memories to be treasured throughout the passing years.

—Robert Harris.

The First Term Student Parliament

THE election of the officers for the first term parliament was hotly contested. There were many vital, compelling, and insistent candidates. Out of the hubbub of campaigning arose a new and vigorous cry—"Only a woman can protect the interests of women." So it came to pass that three of the four offices were filled by women—the exception was Earle Sanborn.

When two more men, in the persons of Frank Bagnall and John Laidlaw, were added to the cabinet, it took the combined efforts of Annie Snobelen and Helen Morrison to uphold the rights of Normal womanhood. It was only after profitable, enjoyable, and intellectual debates that your Christmas cards emerged, your budget evolved and your constitution became amended. Meanwhile, the president, who had promised to keep her finger on the pulse of the student body, felt a tremor which she interpreted as a desire to dance. Before long the cabinet was confronted with the facts that Normal School dances were rarely a financial success, and almost never included the entire student body. Slowly, steadily and with increasing momentum it became an obsession of the cabinet to make a complete success of the first social function. There was motivation, direction, and purpose in every eye as the cabinet convened to discuss the plans for a dance. Lenore Dale vowed to prepare such refreshments as would never be forgotten. John Laidlaw pledged himself to design programmes so that the dance might progress smoothly. Frank Bagnall confessed a yearning to transform the gymnasium with red and yellow paper. Beatrice McIntyre and Rose Zankan went bargaining for an orchestra and planned games. Earle Sanborn rose to the occasion by declaring dramatically,

"I shall provide escorts for the one hundred extra girls,—if you will help me."

Thus plans crystallized, the cabinet toiled and were rewarded. They had made mistakes, of course, but they had achieved their purpose and were bound more closely together.

The term rolled on, bringing the presentation of the slate of officers for the Year Book staff, the selection of designs for the school pins, and the arrangement of the Christmas party.

The formal dance at the Hollywood was the consequence of numerous requests by students. The idea of a floor show of Normal School talent was conceived and carried out by Frank Bagnall. The same people gave their time, energy, and loyalty to the arranging of this dance; only this time they acted with a fund of experience to draw upon, and with a standard to surpass.

The year book of 1937-38 is to contain no group pictures, so in order to keep a record of the cabinet I name them here,

Dorothy Long—President
Earle Sanborn—Vice-President
Helen Morrison—Secretary
Annie Snobelen—Treasurer
Frank Bagnall—First Form Representative
Lenore Dale—Second Form
Beatrice McIntyre—Third Form
Rose Zankan—Fourth Form
John Laidlaw—Auditor.

This cabinet only stands as one among many of its predecessors. Other cabinets will follow. We, only, shall remember meetings held on street corners and buses; incidents humorous and tragic; friendships tested, and found worthwhile!

—DOROTHY LONG.

The Second Term Student Parliament

THE Second Term Student Parliament Executive, namely the Cabinet, were present at their first meeting on Feb. 22, 1938. The members were:

Honorary President—Dr. Mark
President—Norman Powe
Vice-President—Doris McDougall
Treasurer—Helen Lillie
Secretary—Ora Rogers
Form Representatives—

Murray Riach I
Ruth Fox II
Margaret McDiarmid III
Jean Robertson IV.

The first item to be dealt with was the ordering of the school rings and pins, which was done accordingly. The next important matter was the arranging of a Saint Patrick's party. Therefore several Wednesday afternoons found us busy with these problems.

It was our privilege to meet several members of the Teachers' Federation at tea at Governor Simcoe School. We enjoyed a lengthy chat and offered our utmost support to the Federation.

We of the second term Student Cabinet feel it indeed an honour to have held office. We thank the staff and student body for their support and wish the same good fortune to future Student Cabinets.

—ORA ROGERS.

The First Term Literary Society

President—Thomas Billington

Vice-President—Anne Hrynyk

Secretary—Moneta Stinson

Treasurer—Donald Fortune

The form representatives were:

Form I—Robert Harris

Form II—Alma Gunning

Form III—Isabel Matheson

Form IV—Sister Jean.

THE possibility of weaving drama in the school curriculum was shown in some of our early programmes. Form IV presented the simple reproduction story, "The Lion and the Mouse," in the form of a playlet. Another clever production was a parody, "Macbeth," presented by Form I, under the direction of Frank Bagnall.

Community singing always proved a great boon to the literary meetings. From the beginning of the term Ruth Fox and Robert Harris proved themselves capable directors. Ruth's and Bob's musical talent helped to solve problems for the executive.

The programme on December 8 was among the best of the term. The debate "Resolved that Individuals have done more for the world, than have Professionals," was entertaining and well debated. The two beautiful strains, "Santa Lucia" and "The Blue Danube Waltz," were beautifully rendered and will remain fixed in our memory. The choral reading selection, "The Song My Paddle Sings," provided a new kind of entertainment and was much enjoyed.

The French programme, in which the minuet, French songs, and readings were presented owes its success to the competent director, Sister Jean. Throughout the entire term the guiding hand of the literary society was none other than Sister Jean.

The literary executive were very fortunate in obtaining Mrs. Cummings as guest speaker. Mrs. Cummings, who is famous in the art of story-telling, brought us some beautiful stories. "Gold Tree and Silver Tree," "Little Black Sambo" and one of Kipling's "Just So" stories entitled "How The Rhino Got His Skin," were among those presented to a very appreciative audience. We were further honoured when at Dr. Mark's request Mrs. Cummings accepted the position of honorary member of our literary society.

The tour to the grades of a public school was a very suitable farewell programme for the first term executive. The primary jingles and choral readings which were given revealed a new and interesting way of leading pupils to appreciate the musical rhythm of poetry.

The literary society will always be an organization that provides further educational opportunities for the students. The executive deeply appreciate the co-operation of students and staff in making possible these opportunities.

—MONETA STINSON.

The Second Term Literary Society

President—Verna Mifflin

Vice-President—Edna Whittaker

Secretary—Beulah Robbins

Treasurer—Marion Ramsay

Form representatives:

Form I—John Schnekenburger

Form II—Margaret Gliddon

Form III—Jean Macdonald

Form IV—Marion Roberts

WE knew the First Term Literary Society Executive had set a high standard, so we were just a little timid about taking office; but we girded our armour on and stepped forward to the task and, under the very able guidance of our President, Miss Verna Mifflin, our meetings have been quite successful.

The second term began very musically, directed by the Form II Representative, Miss Margaret Gliddon, with a quartette and a duet and then a bit of childhood literature from "Through the Looking Glass." This meeting ended on a happy note with impromptu speeches on remarkable topics—among them, "What This School Needs," and "Women's Hats."

Stephen Leacock's writings, introduced for the first time to several of the students, proved popular, especially his article, "Boarding House Geometry," which solaced many of those compelled to board.

A delightful afternoon of children's literature proved that everyone had not become completely blase after five months in this noble Hall of Learning. We were thrilled with some of the writings of Rose Fyleman, Isabelle Ecclestone MacKay, Walter de la Mare, and Rudyard Kipling. Form IV made this contribution, led by Miss Marion Roberts.

A short playlet, "Catherine Parr," was vividly done and had us all feeling sorry for that unfortunate Queen.

Mr. John Schnekenburger was First Form's representative and a Professor Quiz program presented by that form was much enjoyed by the whole school. Even those who were on the platform answering questions seemed to enjoy the questioning and they did very well indeed.

The students had been hearing about the weather for several weeks, so what was more fitting than for that important topic to be introduced into the Literary Society meeting? Songs, poems, and drama highlighted the meeting.

The crowning achievement of the "Lit" as this article goes to press is the dramatization of "The Rivals" by Form II. Each character in the play was portrayed by several students in different scenes. All were remarkably well done and kept us interested from beginning to end. All characters were in costume and the presentation revealed to us the drama, humour, and excitement that can spring from the printed page into a very interesting and successful program.

—JEAN MACDONALD.



Social Activities of 1937-38

MANY books have I read; many passages have held me breathless, some with surprise, some with wonder. Perhaps the most awe-inspiring passage I have ever read is Section 100 (a) in the **Duties of Teachers**. The last phrase sounds something like this—"to inculcate by precept and example respect for truth, justice, loyalty, love of country, humanity, benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, purity, temperance, and all other virtues." It is no wonder that we, as teachers-in-training, are determined to enjoy ourselves before receiving a certificate which binds us to accept such duties as these.

This year there have been numerous concrete expressions of this determination to have one last fling before becoming a walking advertisement of all virtues. The staff and their wives enabled us to become better acquainted by inviting us to a lovely tea, early in the fall. Amidst the juggling of tea-cups and passing of cake, introductions were completed, friendships begun and appraisals made. By November the Student Cabinet had been elected and on the 27th of that month the first informal dance of the term took place in the gymnasium. It would be superfluous for me to attempt to describe this dance to you. Your own impressions are far more vivid and satisfying.

Yet let me point out a few of the highlights to recall the gaiety and laughter. Who will ever forget the grand march with people crowded all down the floor, and the staff hanging on for dear life,—the red and yellow decorations draped so effectively by Frank Bagnall and his helpers? Shall you ever cease remembering the sinking feeling you had while waiting for the escort supplied by the Date Bureau? Do you intend to obliterate the smiling faces of your friends as they gazed with curiosity at your Date Bureau escort? Can't you still taste the satisfying coolness of that punch? Do you recollect that many of the Normal School boys were on the dance floor for the first time, and were anxious to do Miss Rider justice? I could go on indefinitely, but "'tis enough, 'twill serve."

The next social event of the year was the Christmas party, and the Pageant. How clearly I can see the three bearded **wisemen**, and the one poor shepherd, whose knees shook violently as he bowed. While the old, familiar carols were sung there was a far-away look in many an eye. The first lap of the term was over and Christmas at home was forthcoming. The Christmas tree in the gymnasium was fun, too. What a perfect Santa

Claus Mr. Hagerman made, and how anxiously Annie Snobelen watched his costume,—borrowed at the risk of her life! The toys were supposedly for the Welfare, but, if you look carefully, you will see Mr. McKone's Scotch doll on the window. I'll wager Miss Gahan kept her duck, too. Dr. Mark was presented with a kazoo, and his wife is still complaining. The folk dancing added the final touch to a perfectly grand party, convened by Annie Snobelen.

The scene changes. It is snowing. There is ice, gleaming and white. Think of Sonja Henie. Yes, you have guessed it,—the skating party. This party was planned and carried out by the Men's and Women's Athletic Societies. After a limbering up of rusty joints, we were invited to the Y. W. C. A., where suitable refreshments were supplied. Mrs. Mark sat before the piano, Mr. McKone picked up a song sheet, and lo! a rousing sing-song evolved. Happy, exhausted students ate, sang, and grew sleepy. Mrs. Mark had to play "Good-night Ladies" three times before the hint was taken, and everyone rose to leave. Mary West, in charge of the party, received the congratulations of everyone for a healthful, happy, refreshing evening.

Canada is noted for its icy, invigorating winters. Whirling gusts give rise to rosy cheeks, clear, bright eyes and wind-tossed hair. The old feel older, unable to bear the strain; the young feel younger, more alert, ready and eager for excitement. So it was that the Student Cabinet, flushed by the success of their first dance, sought to undertake a second, to be bigger and better in every way.

An atmosphere of suppressed delight surrounded this dance. There were intriguing signs in the hall which advised that Riot, Rhythm, and Romance were to be the keynotes. There were whispers of long, rustling taffeta dresses, and sleek satins, gaily coloured chiffons, gold trimming, flowers, exciting slippers, and novel hair-dresses. The boys appeared glum, and even sceptical, at first, but they were completely won over when the red and gold programmes with their fascinating green ribbons appeared.

Finally the night itself came. Do you remember how lovely all the girls looked; how proud the boys were of their dull teachers-to-be who had blossomed into colourful, glamorous flowers? Undoubtedly the floor show provided a timely and enjoyable break in the evening's programme. Immortal figures were recreated by our Helen Lillie

[Continued on page 40



FIRST TERM

*"Sport that wrinkled care divides
And Laughter holding both her sides."*

—Milton.

seemed to be the key-note introduced by the Girls' Athletic Society. The executive for the fall and winter term were Miss Mary West, president; Miss Jean Brown, vice-president, and Miss Jean Norton, secretary-treasurer, along with the four form representatives, Miss Jean Brown, Miss Madeline Hilborn, Miss Bernice Mills, and Miss Rena Shed.

Girls' Activities

Under the direction of Miss Bernice Mills as manager, and the leadership of Miss Mary West, as captain, the speedy forward line of Jean Hammond, Jean Norton, Betty Jackson, Mary West and Evelyn Hicks, and the close checking line of Bernice Mills, Rena Shed, Moneta Stinson, Eleanor Hicks, and Anne Hrynyk, led the Normal School to a victory in the opening game of the City League against the London Shamrocks.

In a crowded gymnasium at the H. B. Beal Technical School, the Normal girls exhibited their finest basketball technique of the season. However, the result proved disappointing.

Opportunity for playing basketball was extended to a wider circle throughout the school by the Interform basketball matches. Keen competition was exhibited by each of the four forms, but Form III carried all the honours in a final game against Form II. The winning team composed of Isabel Matheson, Dorothy Long, Bertha Mannen, Doris Lucas, Jean Mowers, Hilda North and Jean Neely, each received a memento of the London Normal School.

—Jean Norton

SECOND TERM

THE second term executive of the Athletic Society was elected Feb. 4, 1938.

President—Eleanor Hicks

Vice-President—Norma Hayward

Secretary—Jean Hammond

Form Representatives—

Form I—Alice Brown

Form II—Margaret Dobie

Form III—Doris Lucas

Form IV—Eleanor Ogletree.

The basketball season continued with a game between Central Collegiate Wossa Champions for 1938, and the Normal. The Normal School team held the lead throughout the greater part of the game, but the last few seconds determined the verdict, with a score of 28-27 for Central.

A joint meeting of the executive of the girls' and boys' societies resulted in the arrangement of a game with Wallaceburg. On the eventful night, the Normal boys outshone the Wallaceburg boys in a glorious victory. After the game a social hour was greatly enjoyed by all. The girls served coca-cola and doughnuts and suitable music for dancing in the gymnasium was provided by the phonograph.

On Friday evening, March 25th, the girls' and boys' basketball teams, with a crowd of eager spectators, journeyed to Ingersoll. The Ingersoll girls gained ground in the first quarter and with the final whistle the score was 38-27 in their favour. However, the girls' loss was balanced by the boys' success. After the games the party hastened to the "Olympia" for refreshments.

Arrangements are already in progress for softball and it is hoped that the girls will gain much enjoyment in this activity.

—Jean Hammond



The Boys' Athletic Society

1937-1938

FIRST TERM

THE Boys' Athletic Society executive for the first term of the school year was elected on November 1, 1937. The following members were elected to office:

Honorary President—Mr. McKone
 President—Robert Alexander
 Vice-President—Jack Lackey
 Secretary-Treasurer—Jack Schnekenburger.
 Boys' Basketball.

Most of the boys attending the Normal School this year had played basketball during their collegiate years. Thus a very good basketball team was quickly formed at the beginning of November.

The boys played South Collegiate at South for their first game. Although they fought hard, they were beaten by the fast playing South team. The score at the final whistle was 29-19.

The same teams clashed several weeks later. This game was also played in the South Collegiate gymnasium. The Normalites had had some practice and they gave the South team a good game. The South team ended on top with a last minute basket making the score 27-26. Walter Grogan, the captain of the Normalites, was the outstanding player of this game, scoring twenty points.

The Normalites played their third game in the Normal School gymnasium against a boys' team from the Wesley United Church. The Wesley team was fast, but not fast enough for the Normalites. The Normal team won by a score of 23-17, with Walter Grogan again leading the scoring.

This was the last game played by the team in the month of January. We understand, however, that several games are scheduled and we wish the team lots of luck in these forthcoming games.

The team representing the Normal School was as follows:

Forwards—Walter Grogan (captain), G. Grogan, J. Laidlaw, E. Collishaw, J. Schnekenburger, F. Flannigan, R. Alexander.

Guards—H. Brown, J. Lackey, M. Riach, N. Andrews.

—Robert Alexander.

SECOND TERM

The following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Mr. McKone
 President—Walter Grogan
 Vice-President—Howard Brown
 Secretary—Norman Andrew
 Treasurer—John Wakeling
 Form Representative—Ben Winiarz.

The first major sport event of the year was the basketball game with the Wallaceburg "High Lites." Although the visitors had mastered the art of team play, the Normalites, who had learned to combine co-operation and combination, came out on the winning side.

After the game everyone converged on the gymnasium, where dancing was enjoyed. A dainty lunch was served by the girls' basketball team. John Lillie, a member of the visiting team, thanked the Normal team for the enjoyable evening and invited the Normal boys to play a return game with them. Walter Grogan replied on behalf of the boys' team, mentioning the inter-team spirit shown throughout the game and the desire to play a return game with the visitors.

On Friday night, March 25, the girls' and boys' basketball teams, accompanied by several spectators, journeyed to Ingersoll to play the Collegiate teams.

In the first game, the Ingersoll girls, having had considerably more practice than the Normal girls, proved to be the better team and won the game by a considerable margin.

And now for the Boys' Game (you know we men must stick together). The Normal boys again proved their ability to intercept the fast passes of the Ingersoll team and won the game by the score of 28 to 12. The outstanding scorers for the Normalites were W. Grogan, J. Laidlaw and R. Alexander.

At the time of writing, several other games are being arranged.

As coach of the boys' basketball team, I wish to thank all the members who co-operated one hundred per cent in team practice as well as team play.

—Walter W. Grogan.



MABEL E.
APPEL
Merlin



KATHLEEN M.
ARMSTRONG
Union



BEATRICE
BAKER
Lambeth



THERESA
BESO
Harrow



DOROTHY
BONDY
River Canard



ALICE M.
BROWN
Mt. Brydges



JEAN
BROWN
225 Maria St.
Sarnia



MARION
CARMICHAEL
Thedford



KILMENY J.
CAVERLY
Aylmer



RUBY
CLAUS
R. R. 3
St. Thomas



COYLA M.
CODY
Woodstock



BERTHA
COULTER
Thamesville



ALETA M.
COURTIS
Wallaceburg



MARGARET
CRAIG
Walkerville



MIRRIAM
CURRIE
Niagara Falls



LEILA
CURTIS
Courtland



D. LENORE
DALE, B.A.
London



GENEVIEVE
DENEAU
Windsor



MARGARET
J. DOBIE
Glencoe



HELEN L.
DUNCANSON
Dutton



MADELINE
FERGUSON
Strathroy



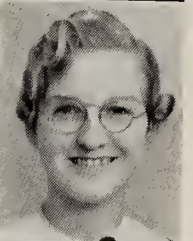
HELEN
FORBES
R. R. 1
Forest



RUTH
FOX
163 Janette Ave.
Windsor



GRACE
FREEMAN
51½ Mitchell St.
St. Thomas



DORIS A.
GENT
R. R. 1
Springfield



ALICE M.
GEORGE
Ostrander



PHYLLIS
GLENDINNING
Wallaceburg



MARGARET
GLIDDEN
115 Wellington
Ave.
St. Thomas



MABEL
GRAHAM
Oak Ave.
Windsor



ALMA
GUNNING
Ruthven



GLADYS
GINGERICH
Zurich



VIVA
HALSTEAD
Harrow



JEAN
HAMMOND
123 Talbot St.
Leamington



HELEN
HASTINGS
R. R. 4
Blenheim



NORMA
HAYWARD
R. R. 4
Bickford



MURIEL
HERRON
Courtland



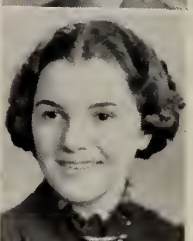
ELEANOR
HICKS
703 Tecumseh
Blvd. E.
Windsor



EVELYN
HICKS
703 Tecumseh
Blvd. E.
Windsor



MADELINE
HILBORN
Talbot St.
Leamington



ANNE
HRYNYK
1119 Elsmere
Ave.
Windsor



GERALDINE
HUGHES
337 Tecumseh
Ave.
London



NOLA
ISAAC
R. R. 3
Parkhill



MARY P.
JACK
737 Myrtle St.
St. Thomas



DOROTHY
LONG
London



ANNABELLE
McCABE
Wyoming



BETTY
JACKSON
1212 Lincoln
Road
Windsor



LOUISE
LONSBERY
Harrow



EVELYN
McCANN
Dashwood



EDITH
KARN
Woodstock



EDITH
LOVE
Grand Bend



MARGARET
McDIARMID
Ridgetown



SHIRLEY
LANGFORD
Dutton



DORIS
LUCAS
Mooretown



DORIS
McDOUGAL
Rodney



ESTHER
LEAMAN
Mt. Elgin



JEAN
MacDONALD
1484 Victoria
Ave.
Windsor



ISOBEL
McGILL
West Lorne



HELEN V.
LILLIE
Wallaceburg



BERTHA
MANNEN
Mooretown



BEATRICE
McINTYRE
Forest



MARJORIE
LOGAN
Thorndale



ISOREL
MATHESON
Petrolia



BEATRICE
McKENZIE
855 Moy Ave.
Windsor



AILEEN
McKICHAN
Parkhill



MILDRED A.
MOLLARD
Denfield



DORIS
MYERS
London



EILEEN
McMULLIN
Mt. Brydges



WELTHAE
MONTGOMERY
Cottam



JEAN
NEALY
Sarnia



AGNES
McWILLIAM
Dutton



HELEN
MORRISON
Mooretown



VELMA
NISBET
Mooretown



VERNA E.
MIFFELIN
Merlin



JEAN V.
MOWERS
Blenheim



HILDA M.
NORTH
Florence



MARGARET H.
MILLAR
Bothwell



MARJORY G.
MULDON
Mt. Brydges



JEAN L.
NORTON
London



BERNICE E.
MILLS
Windsor



JEAN M.
MUMA
Arkona



RUTH M.
NUSSEY
Tilbury



CATHERINE M.
MINDORFF
Chatham



JEAN
MURRAY
Oxford St.
Ingersoll



ELLANOR M.
OGLETREE
Dresden



MARION
O'NEIL
Paquette



BEULA
ROBBINS
Harrietsville



RENA
SHEDD
London



RITA M.
O'ROURKE
London



MARION P.
ROBERTS
Salford



ALICE
SMITH
Blenheim



RUTH E.
OXLEY
Kingsville



JEAN
ROBERTSON
Northwood



ANNIE
SNOBELEN
Chatham



MURIEL
M. PETCH
Strathroy



ORA
ROGERS
Kingsville



MONETA L.
STINSON
Dresden



DOREEN D.
PIKE
Kerwood



HELEN
SANDERS
St. Thomas



NORA
STINSON
Thorndale



MARION
RAMSAY
Sarnia



MARY
SCOTT
Dunnville



MARGARET
WALKER
Milverton



EILEEN M.
REEDY
Port Lambton



ELSIE
SHAW
Turnerville



MARY
WEST
London



EDNA
WHITTAKER
Sandwich



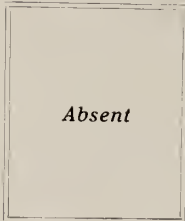
ETHEL
WILKINSON
Ridgetown



LAURABELLE
WRIGHT
Kippen

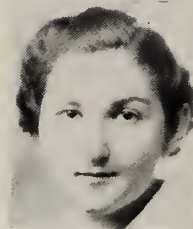


EDNA
WHITE
Denfield

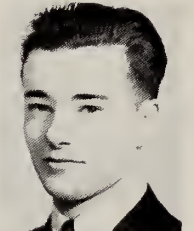


Absent

RHEA
CLARKE
Watford



ROSE
ZANKAN, B.A.
London



ROBERT
ALEXANDER
Norwich



EDWARD
COLLISHAW
Wyoming



WALTER W.
GROGAN
Arkona



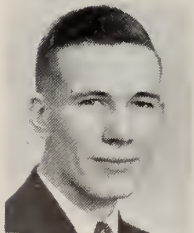
NORMAN F.
ANDREW
Burgessville



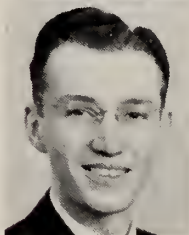
STUART
DARNFORTH
St. Thomas



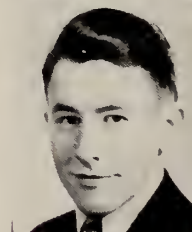
ROBERT W.
HARRIS
Thamesville



FRANK
BAGNALL
Ingersoll



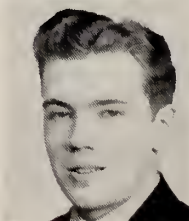
DONALD M.
FORTUNE
Wingham



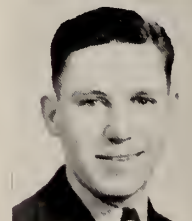
JACK
LACKEY
Wallacetown



THOMAS
BILLINGTON
London



LLOYD
FLANNIGAN



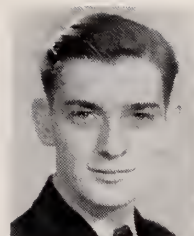
JOHN C.
LAIDLAW
Ridgetown



GERALD
PRENDERGAST
London



EARLE
SANBORN
Iderton



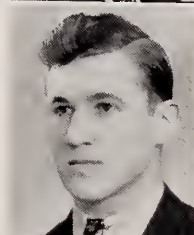
JACK
SCHNEKEN-
BURGER
Rodney



NORMAN
POWE, B.A.
London



HOWARD
BROWN
Mt. Brydges



BEN
WINARZ
Windsor



MURRAY
RIACH
Woodstock



GORDON
GROGAN
Arkona



ELMER
YEANDLE
Princeton

JOHN
WAKELING
Thorndale

Absent

The Science Club

THIS activity stimulated much interest in first hand observation in which we needed to exercise our senses as well as our reflective powers. We are sorry that there was not more opportunity to see natural phenomena and the industries of London.

Our visit to Kellogg's was much appreciated by all. Rambles with Dr. Hofferd over the Normal grounds and on trips through Thames Park for the observation of trees and birds helped greatly to open our eyes. Some of us visited the Neuhauser and the Bray hatcheries to see how artificial incubation is carried on extensively. Saturday next we expect to visit Silverwood's Dairy to observe pasteurization and bottling of milk, and how milk is tested for milk fat and cleauliness.

We are all members of the Audubon Society and appreciate much the interest awakened in bird life and its conservation. Recall bird morning.

Arrangements are under way for a visit to the O.A.C., Guelph, May 18. To this we are looking forward with great anticipation.

The officers for the year are:

Form I President: Coyla Cody;
Sec.-Treas.: Marion Carmichael.

Form II President: Doris Gent.
Sec.-Treas.: Evelyn Hicks.

Form III President: Helen Morrison.
Sec.-Treas.: Verna Mifflin.

Form IV President: Ora Rogers.
Sec.-Treas.: Mary Scott.

Counsellor: Dr. G. W. Hofferd.

—Isabel Matheson.

A Science Activity

1. Preparation:

(1) Remote

"Would you like to take a walk to the Thames Park at half-past four?" asks our Science Master.

Undoubtedly, we would.

"Please tell the other members of the class about it."

(2) Immediate

"Is everyone ready? Oh, I think I shall bring my field glasses," says our guide, "we might need them."

In a few minutes our preparations are over and we leave by the front door of the Normal School with one definite aim in mind.

2. Problem:

To study all the trees that stand in our way, to recognize all animals and birds easily seen, and to identify those that are heard and not seen.

3. Presentation:

(1) How We "Demonstrate" Ourselves to Others.

Our guide walks ahead very quickly. . . we get excellent practice in running and skipping steps as we try to keep together. Who would lag behind and lose an interesting bit of information about a particular tree or bird? Passers-by wonder whither we are bound and why we move along so fast. We pay no heed

[Continued on page 35

The Rivals

THE London Normal School made dramatic history this year by the novel manner in which Form II presented the play, *The Rivals*. This eighteenth century comedy by Sheridan was given at the all-afternoon meeting of the Literary Society, on Friday, March 18th.

After the play, Mr. McEachern congratulated Form II on its fine work, especially mentioning certain players who had given outstanding performances, and remarked that the play had been both entertaining and educational.

In our enthusiasm at the completion of this effort, we invoked the Muse:

The Rivals, by Sheridan, Form II did present,
A play of much dialogue and lengthy content,
But withal a play of exceptional humour;
Of acts there were five, of scenes—quite a few more.

And so 'twere thought best, in view of this fact,
To divide up each part, with consummate tact.
In this novel way the labour was shared,
With each student's time not greatly impaired.

Thus four Mrs. Malaprops gesticulated,
And marvellous phrases glibly articulated.
Five Sir Anthonys ranted and raved
At Absolutes, their sons, whose obedience they
craved.

Three Absolutes (posed as Beverly, handsome and
free)

At last won fair Lydia (of whom there were three).
Four Faulklands, exceptionally vacillating and blue,
Were assured that both Julias were steadfast and true.

Sir Lucius' courtship, alas, came to naught,
A suitable lady in vain both had sought.
One of the four Acres very near fought a duel,
For this country squire a fate much too cruel.

The gentlemen's servants, two Fags, Thomas and
David,
Though doubtless good servants, their opinions
paraded.

Maid Lucy (though one), in intrigue always revelled,
And more than one gentleman slyly bedevilled.
Now lest one should think this arrangement con-
fusing,

We set up a standard which none were abusing.
All the Absolutes were young, tall, slender and fair,
The Sir Anthonys old, thin, with a limp, and grey
hair.

The Faulklands agreed in form, dress and mien,
The Malaprops distinguishable whene'er they were
seen.

So on down the list we sought to arrange,
That an audience scarcely would note the exchange.
Three directors were planned, but one falling ill,
The two carried on, with might and good-will.
Scene followed on scene, without needless delay,
And in three hours flat we had finished the play.

As slowly the curtains on the last scene are drawn,
We close our eyes wearily, wish for the dawn
Of a new day to-morrow; but, our spirits are soaring,
We've been kindly assured that we weren't even
boring.

—GERALDINE HUGHES.

The Party Given by the Staff

EARLY in February an announcement which very much aroused our curiosity was posted on the bulletin board. This was the notice of a meeting of the rate-payers and trustees of School Section No. 13, Utopia. We learned that it was an invitation to the entertainment which the staff was giving for the students. Needless to say, we looked forward to the event with mounting enthusiasm.

At last the evening arrived. The students and critic teachers assembled in the auditorium. We discovered that the platform had been transformed into a typical country school-room, with a stove in the centre, rows of desks, and the usual paraphernalia,—maps, posters, globe, etc. While we were busy taking in the many cleverly humorous aspects of the stage setting, a burst of laughter from the back of the auditorium drew our attention to the entrance doors. There we saw the cast, made up of the members of the staff and the masters' wives, on their way to the rate-payers' meeting. The very novel costumes, which they were wearing, created a great deal of mirth.

After the rate-payers were seated, the meeting began by the usual appointment of a chairman. A certain Mr. U. C. I. B. Wright (who was really none other than our principal, dressed in a sports jacket and large bow tie) was selected, and the business of the evening was undertaken. The ludicrously detailed secretary's report was read and duly commented upon by almost everyone present. Thus the meeting progressed, every speech and action laugh-provoking.

Some of the special features of the performance were,—A speech by the public school inspector (Mr. Clarke), who outlined what a supposedly ideal practice school should be like; a description by Mr. R. U. Normal (Mr. McKone) of an imaginary visit to the London Normal School, and the peculiar things he found out about the staff and students there; and a demonstration by the rate-payers of the rhythm band instruments. The whole farce was interwoven with clever allusions to the familiar sayings and doings of our school. The general effect was enlivened by the dramatic by-play carried on throughout by everyone, such as the flirtation between one of the teacher applicants and the son of a rate-payer.

At the close of this meeting, all were invited to stay while the trustees interviewed the applicants for the position of teacher. Before this business was undertaken, the village bandmaster (Mr. Wheeler) led a community sing-song. The harmonica duets, played by Mr. Wright and the bandmaster, at this time, were thoroughly enjoyed.

The trustees' meeting commenced with the reading of two humorous letters of application, which had been received by the secretary. The first applicant (Mrs. Mark) then presented her credentials. Everyone was much impressed by the musical ability which this young lady displayed. A very severely dressed young woman was the next to be interviewed. She tried, automatically, to convince the board that they needed

[Continued on page 35

The Glee Club

OWING to the month that was lost at the first of the year, and to the many competing activities of our term, the Glee Club this year has not contributed a great deal to our extra-curricular activities. However, the club is still functioning—not as an organized group, but having a wide circle of interested students in attendance.

We have had fairly regular practices throughout the year, but with only half the school in attendance at one time it has not been possible to present many finished performances to date.

The Christmas pageant did great credit to the talent of the school, and was a source of enjoyment to all the students and their friends.

Mr. Wheeler announces that the closing Literary Program of the year will allow everyone to see just what has been accomplished. He is also working with a smaller group on some special numbers which he hopes will be presented at this program.

We appreciate the time and work that Mr. Wheeler has given us, and are fortunate in having as director and instructor a man of Mr. Wheeler's musical standing and personal qualities.

—*Ruth Fox.*

Dancing Classes

A VERY interesting feature of extracurricular activities at the London Normal School during the winter months was the dancing classes, organized and directed by Miss Rider. Owing to the preponderance of women students at the school, they had to take their turns at the classes, whereas the men were invited to come to every lesson.

At the lessons the basic routines for foxtrot and waltz were practised. One very strenuous evening was devoted to folk and barn dancing, and part of another to the intricacies of the ball-room tango. For some the lessons served as recapitulation of lessons previously studied and the evenings were a means of pleasant diversion. To others, however, it was a serious affair for they were novices and here was an opportunity not to be sneered at. It is a very disheartening experience for a young man who has never danced to go on a floor and to attempt to lead a girl through steps that she knows and he does not. If, however, he begins his training by stepping down the gymnasium floor with the nearest girl at least fifteen feet away, retreating from him, he has time to acquire confidence before he has to take the lead. This is by no means a hypothetical case, for it comes directly from personal experience.

The fact that a number of students owe their presence at the several school festivities to Miss Rider's coaching is ample warrant for a recommendation that these classes be continued in future years.

—*Earle Sanborn.*

Ukrainian Dancing

DANCING has played a great part in life amongst the great peoples of the world. It has had its place in the religious life of many races; it has provided many with a form of aesthetic expression; it has been the major source of recreation for the people of many lands, and it has had its part to play in great events of history.

We should look upon the practice of a traditional dance much as we look upon the study of a classic writing in Literature, respecting the values which have made it endure through the years. Ukrainian Dancing brought us an appreciation of the typical style of dancing of one of the great races of the world, the Slavic Race, which occupies a large part of Eastern Europe. There is a wealth of tradition behind the dances which is the heritage of centuries.

We were introduced to Ukrainian Dancing by an excellent dancing master, Mr. Pasichnik, a very genial and capable instructor. In spite of being a large and heavily built man, the lightness and gracefulness of his movements in dancing were a source of admiration of the class. He was handicapped by the short time he had to instruct us, by the size of the group, and by the difficulty of not being able to express his wishes readily in English. But in spite of this he was able to get very favourable results. He was assisted by friends who helped to demonstrate the dances, presenting them in costume, which added to the interest and effectiveness of the dance.

To us, as beginners, the Ukrainian dancing proved difficult and very strenuous. After the first lesson most of us were very tired, but those who returned for the next lesson found it less arduous and soon had the satisfaction of learning some of the steps. The music for the dancing proved to be very fast, requiring quick movements of the feet. The dance "routines" of Ukraina are built up from a large number of standard "steps." We were taught about eight of these "steps" in addition to a "first" step which is used like a "chorus" between each change of "step." We were taught a routine using the steps we had practised, which was performed in couples in a circle formation. Other solo dances, couple dances, and dances for men and for women were introduced, which also made use of the steps which we had been taught. Time, however, did not permit us to learn these.

I am sure that those of us who were able to take the lessons certainly enjoyed the experience. We appreciated the opportunity afforded in the leadership of Mr. Pasichnik. The results obtained seemed to be very acceptable considering the shortness of the time spent in learning the dances. Most of us regret that no further opportunity has presented itself for us to practise what we learned.

—*Norman Powe.*

Our Visitors

- Oct. 21—At the beginning of the year, Mr. Henry gave the students an idea of what was being done in the Institutes for the Blind. The students were cordially invited to visit the local Institute and also to aid the blind on Tag Day.
- Oct. 28—Mr. Bishop, the fire marshal of Ontario, demonstrated the causes of many serious fires. He told of tragic happenings which were the results of panic in public buildings and schools. His lecture impressed upon his listeners the responsibility of a teacher in case of fire.
- Oct. 28—Mr. Humphreys, from British Columbia, gave a very educational talk about the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia. He illustrated his talk with many colourful and interesting slides.
- Nov. 15—Dr. Helen McMurchy delivered four enlightening health lectures.
- Nov. 16—At the close of her lectures she answered any questions, previously handed in by the students.
- Jan. 7—Mrs. Cummings, a gifted story-teller, entertained the masters and students with delightful children's stories, at one of the Literary Meetings.
- Jan. 19—Dr. Karr, Inspector of Teacher Training, visited the London Normal School
20 and watched the students at work. At the
21 end of his visit he stressed the importance of clear enunciation and pronunciation.
- Jan. 28—Dr. Harry Amos illustrated what difficulties are met by children who are physically handicapped. The teacher should refer every unfortunate child to the school nurse, or write to Dr. Amos.
- Jan. 28—Miss Freeman, a demonstrator from the Fisheries Department, Ottawa, very competently carried out a cooking demonstration. After the demonstration the tasty dishes were sampled by the masters, visitors and students.
- Jan. 31—During Education Week Dr. Dearness, an ex-principal of the London Normal School, instructed the teachers-in-training in School Management by the use of amusing examples. He also gave much timely advice to young teachers just entering the teaching profession.
- Feb. 1—Miss Hamilton, representing the Red Cross Society, spoke about the Red Cross movement all over the world. She distributed pamphlets, which gave instructions for organizing Junior Red Cross Societies in the School.
- Feb. 3—Miss Elliott, a lecturer from the Department of Agriculture, gave an address on the value and use of canned goods in modern cooking.
- Feb. 3—Mr. Keefe, Director of School Attendance, instructed the students in the methods of marking the daily register.

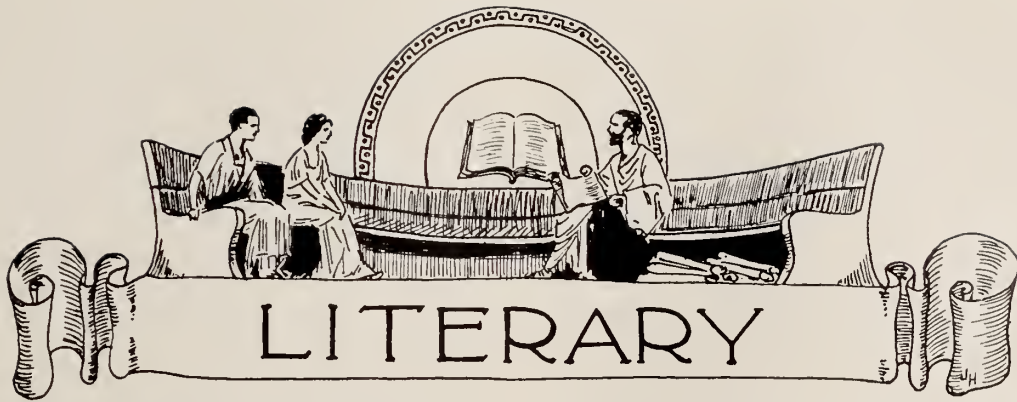
- Feb. 18—Miss Tyhurst, President of the Girls' Work Board, talked about the place of a teacher in the religious training of the community.
- Mar. 7—Dr. Harrison Lewis, from Ottawa, delighted the students with an illustrated lecture on birds. The students were informed that illustrative material could be obtained by writing to the Commissioner, Canadian National Parks Branch, Department of Interior, Ottawa.
- Mar. 18—Miss Cornish, from Ingersoll, at a Literary Meeting, related her thrilling experiences at the Coronation.
- Mar. 18—Mrs. Kingston, one of the Provincial Vice-presidents of the Home and School Society, stressed the importance of this Society. Pamphlets were distributed.
- Mar. 21—Mr. Hughson, of the Ryerson School, introduced the value of the Teachers' Federation. He spoke to the men students about the Men Teachers' Federation. Miss Fawkes, of Governor Simcoe School, spoke to the lady students about the Women Teachers' Federation.
- Mar. 22—Dr. Hobbs, Director of Mental Health Clinic, delivered two exceedingly important lectures on mental hygiene. He stressed the necessity of discovering harmful habits of thinking early in a child's life. The students enjoyed having Dr. Hobbs read several case histories.
—*Kilmeny J. Caverly.*

Normal Chicks

○ NE day, while home in the Easter holidays, I sat in the dining room gazing at Chuck, our big brown collie dog, as he was in the kitchen watching the chicks which I had brought from the Normal School. It was indeed interesting to note the attitude of curiosity that seemed to exist between Chuck and the wee chicks.

Six tiny yellowish brown New Hampshire Reds chirped and strutted around in a square wooden box. Chuck, the colour of a woodchuck, hence his name, stood beside the box watching their every move. His monstrous brown head was bowed and slightly tilted, while his ears stood erect and sharp. His mouth hung ajar with tongue falling out as he panted in wonderment at those tiny bunches of active fluff. The chicks slightly glanced up at their huge guard, peeping contentedly as they filled their little crops or let the water run down their slender throats.

So eager was Chuck not to lose sight of one move that he leaned over, almost touching them. One chick, being curious about that big brown thing with the black nose and red tongue, stretched its little self up and gave it a pick. What a yelp! And poor Chuck walked slowly into the dining-room with a shame-faced expression. Turning around again, he went back to study further those interesting-looking chicks. —*Coyla Cody.*



Editor's Note:—Of the many fine articles submitted, we have chosen those which seemed best suited to Normal School Activities and hence to the Normal School Year Book. Mr. Clarke, in addition to giving valuable assistance in the criticism and selection of the essays, has chosen two of his finest reproduction stories to complete the essay section.

The Place of Literature and Art in a Materialistic World

A. MILNE defines an artist as anyone who has ever attempted to create something beautiful. In the category of artists he places you and me, too, if only, as he says, "We have ever written four lines on the sunset in somebody's album or even modelled a Noah's Ark in plasticine." All of us then are artists in some measure. We may refuse to admit it. We may tell ourselves impatiently that the time we spent trying to sketch a landscape or struggling to express an idea in smoothly flowing English was wasted. But it will be of no use. As long as we continue to gaze with delight at the first snow, to dream dreams before the fireplace and to stand in awe before the winter sunset we are artists cultivating our love for the beautiful.

But this, we are reminded on all sides, is a materialistic world. There is no time for the cultivation of an artistic sense in ourselves—no place for artists in the world. For what place can there be for Literature and Art in a world where, "The wealthiest man among us is the best"—where to commit crime makes one front page news and to write a good book entitles one to a brief paragraph on the back page—where headlines such as "Austrian Nazis gird for fight" and "Japanese planes bomb the Nanchang Airdrome," indicate materialism gone mad in another world war. And yet in our more thoughtful and less troubled moments we are only too willing to grant Literature and Art a place in the scheme of things, for they represent the genuine progress which we have made toward civilization.

Good books and pictures are store-houses of beauty and in what seems at times a very ugly world it is well to have conveniently at hand a store-house of beauty. Keats characterizes all beautiful things as,

*"Flowery bands to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth,
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days
Made for our searching."*

It behooves us then to search for the beautiful to find the flowery band that can make life endurable. Where do we find beauty in such rich quantities as in the poetry of Keats, the prose of Mary Webb and pictures of Corot?

And perhaps because they have caught up and held for us the beauty of the world, Literature and Art promote faith. A love of beauty is inseparable from a love of goodness. It is not an accident that our Christian faith is linked with the best in Literature and Art. Portions of the Bible are among the finest in Literature. How many people depressed and embittered by the materialistic have read with a sense of comfort and power the beautiful lines of Isaiah, "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." And our Christian faith has associated itself with great Art as well as with great Literature. A study of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" cannot but promote faith.

Not only do Literature and Art promote divine relationship, but they also promote happy relationships among human beings. Good books and good pictures are interests common to most of us. We find it stimulating to discuss them with our friends—to try to evaluate Canadian Art—to criticize current fiction—to wonder if "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind" are really great books or only long ones and to reread (with an eye perhaps to seeing the moving pictures) a "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet". Our discussions are happy, interesting, invigorating ones. Book and Art Clubs everywhere testify to our enjoyment of them. And Literature and Art promote this happy relationship not only because they provide common ground for enthusiasms, but, and this is far more important, because they help us to understand each other. In books and in pictures we see, through the eyes of someone far wiser than ourselves, our friends and our enemies too. The dissolute Sydney Carton, the incompetent Dora Copperfield, the happy-go-lucky Mr. Micawber all have their charm and when after a perusal of "A Tale of Two Cities" or "David Copperfield" we see the replicas of these characters in every-day life we are apt to view them with a kindlier and less impatient eye than before.

As for friends—to see their wit, their good temper, all the qualities for which we love them

{ Continued on page 30

The Future Education of the Normalite

It is a common saying that education begins when our schooling ends. For no class of person is this truer than for the teacher. One must be prepared, on entering the profession, for a life of work and of study. The clear-sighted teacher-in-training looks forward to it and prepares accordingly. On the other hand there is a large class of people who heave a sigh of relief when the end of their training appears and the prospect of a "job" looms up. They expect a sinecure and the prospect of taking it easy and letting someone else do the work is very pleasant. The only blot on the landscape is the necessity of having to begin University work. To these people, teaching is never more than a "job" and in a few years they are lagging behind their fellow teachers, trying to work with a serious lack of equipment.

I do not think the picture overdrawn, for into my experience, limited though it be, have come a number of teachers who are teaching lessons and not children, and whose main interest is in the monthly pay cheque. To such teachers, the new Program of Studies is not an opportunity, but a disaster, for they are not equipped to meet its requirements for 1938 methods, its increased recognition of human values, and its demand for greater background on the part of the teacher.

The desirable teacher-in-training, essentially an idealist, rejoices that he commences his career under an enlightened system, for he realizes that he is reaping the benefit of methods that have been put into practice for years by experienced teachers before they were issued in the form of a course of study. He does not grumble that he is required to take University work because he intended to do so as soon as he could afford it; and he looks forward to the supplementary Education course as an opportunity to repair his pedagogical ground-work, for some of his preconceptions have been shattered by a few years experience. More than that, he likes to think of having money of his own (little though it may be) with which to indulge in his fondness for reading, both books and periodicals, and he hopes to build up a specialized knowledge in some field in which he has particular interest. He does not flinch when faced with the prospect of full time service in his chosen work. Happy indeed is the teacher who is an incurable idealist, provided his idealism is tempered with practical purpose and common sense. There is no more interesting person to meet than a teacher who is in love with his work, and who has not lost his idealism.

In many places the school teacher is looked upon as an authority on all and sundry subjects. In some places it may be that the teacher is the only person in the community who could possibly aspire to such a position. It is true, however, that he cannot for long pose as such unless he really is an authority. This immediately directs our attention to the question of reading, a subject on which it is easy to become dogmatic, simply because there are such definite principles involved.

One of these is, that only when the teacher is a lover of good literature and enjoys reading, can she inspire in her pupils a desire to read. It is not a process of easy contagion, but it is certain that the teacher cannot infect the pupils with attitudes that she herself does not have. This is a principle every Normalite has become familiar with, but its truth seems to have become obscured in this connection.

Descending from the realm of attitudes to that of knowledge, we quote an idea that Normalites will appreciate, namely, that if we are teaching too near the edge of our knowledge, we are in serious danger of falling over. It seems to me that a teacher's success may depend in a great measure upon the width of this margin.

The other great factor is methodology, and here, too, education is never complete. No methods are infallible. In time they all give way to revised forms or entirely new methods. In this field the educated teacher is a little ahead of his time, while he whose training stopped upon his graduation from Normal School is tagging along like Dopey, the seventh dwarf, making feeble and ludicrous attempts at imitation of his fellows.

Further prolixity would only defeat the purpose of these observations, and conclusion is easily drawn. Unless one is in love with teaching, has a continuous educative process in himself, and is able to learn from those he is teaching, he has missed his calling and were better off anywhere else than in this "noblest of professions, but sorriest of trades."

—Earle Sanborn.

In Our Day

AS we people of the older generation look back on our own school days, now far distant, we cannot help but compare the school of our day with the school of to-day. We cannot restrain a feeling of something like scorn for these weaklings of modern children who have to be coddled and babied. With this scorn is mingled a bit of envy and jealousy of these same children who have so much more than we even dreamed of, in the little brick school-house.

I am quite sure that no one was ever concerned as to whether we were developing "useful abilities and desirable attitudes." The knowledge was given to us, sometimes useful knowledge, sometimes not. But, as for these abilities and attitudes—why, the teacher would have been as surprised to hear of them as we Normal students were! If she ever discovered that any of her pupils had not the abilities she thought proper, her method of coping with the situation would, you may be sure, be quite different from that advised to-day.

Let me quote from the Course of Study, "The Minister urges the Inspectors to discourage . . . unreasonable requirements in the matter of homework for pupils in the elementary school. These children. . . must have time for rest and recreation." And all this for a generation of children

who know increasingly little about anything except play. In our day, children had definite work to be done after school—hoeing, carrying wood, and such. We children certainly did not believe as Dr. Dearnness who, in advising parents to give their children definite tasks, made this statement, "Blessed be chores." So, there was usually very little time for this "rest and recreation." Yet, on top of this we always had homework to do. And woe to him who came to school next day without it done!

Alas! alas! we had no beautifully mounted history pictures to impress upon our plastic minds the **Landing of Jacques Cartier** and **The Death of Wolfe**. No sand-tables revealed to us the mysteries of islands, rivers and mountains. Neither were nature excursions the order of the day. We learned the characteristics of the Maple, the Jack Pine and the Spruce without disturbing those trees at all. We were given repeatedly those frowned-upon assignments, "Look it up in your book" or "Get up this chapter for next day." Nor did we have **The Joy Books** or **The Science Readers** to beguile us with their entrancing little stories so cunningly padding small chunks of knowledge.

There was no music in that little brick school-house for there was no piano, and pitch-pipes and rote-songs had not found their way to us. No doctor came at the correct intervals to inoculate us. No nurse or dentist was at our service. Far from it!

Nevertheless, we survived, even grew and thrived on this unseemly school-life. And behold! what now we are. But ah! with a sigh we think what we might have been.

—*Marion Roberts.*

On Teaching Week

THERE were four of us to catch the taxi at eight-thirty on that cold winter morning; two were bound for Mr. Rigney's school and two for Mrs. Paterson's. I hurried up Wortley Road, where the taxi-driver stood waiting by his cab to take us to the country. As I stepped forward to get into the taxi, a huge, shaggy, brown dog jumped past me and calmly took his place on the back seat.

I hung back and eyed the canine distastefully. Did I have to sit beside him? However, there was nothing to do but climb in. The first passenger, already in the front seat, looked back and on seeing my seatmate greeted him with, "Hello Bozo!" When the other two students arrived I gave "Bozo" a gentle push and moved over beside him. The taxi driver shut the door, took his own seat, started the car, and we were off.

What an uncomfortable ride! We gave that clumsy creature as wide a berth as possible. He lolled expansively on the cushions and thoroughly enjoyed the congenial atmosphere. But we, we suffered in silence, mentally berating the cab company that would allow its drivers to take their pets with them.

At last we reached Mr. Rigney's school where the two boys alighted, one from the front seat and

the other from the back. The remainder of the trip was made in comparative comfort and if we could have heaved that dog over the back of the front seat and landed him beside his master we should have been perfectly happy.

At Mrs. Paterson's school my teaching partner and I stepped out of the car. The dog slipped past us and ran across the schoolyard. My partner called him back, while I held the car door open. The driver seemed unconcerned. She called again, then turning to him said,—

"Whose dog is this, anyway?"

Surprised, the man said to me,

"Isn't it yours?"

In dazed wonderment I answered,—

"We thought it belonged to you."

With a shrill whistle and "Here, here!", he called our canine companion back to the taxi, muttering,—

"We carry all kinds of concrete material."

—*Esther Leaman.*

Expiation

ALL his life he had hated the sea and had avoided it. From childhood its utter vastness and the terror of its mountainous waves had gripped him. Now he was at its mercy.

Toward evening, the west wind had suddenly come to life with a sullen roar and beneath it gigantic seas had built up with incredible speed. In no time at all the gale was full. The ship staggered in the great welters of blinding wind and water, climbing the towering waves and then slipping down into the yawning grey valleys beneath. Sleet shot over her tall masts; the screaming of the gale was shrill with menace; on all sides was the deep booming of the ocean.

At midnight he stood by the rail with the rest of the passengers, the stark terror of his soul revealed in his eyes. They said the ship was sinking. Sinking! Then he was to go out into the midst of that desolate and forbidding waste where the sea boiled and seethed like molten pitch? Those black tortured waves were to seize him and he would go down, down.

They were lowering the boats now. Women and children first. This was the last boat. "Room for one more," the captain was saying. He was searching in the mass of upturned frightened faces for the man who would occupy the coveted vacancy.

One figure by the rail attracted the captain's attention. It was that of a man struggling to reach the boat. Whimpering and sobbing, he was pushing and clawing at those about him like a wild beast. To go down, down . . . no space to move in, no space to breathe in. No—no; he couldn't. Dear God—this was his chance!

Suddenly he was at the boat's edge. An old grey-haired man was about to get in. What was the matter with everyone—didn't they understand? This was to be his place, his only chance. He jostled the old man aside and clambered into the boat. No time to wait. As the boat was

[*Continued on page 30*]

Ronnie's New Puppy Dog

ONE cold winter day when Ronnie was walking home from school, he heard a sad little whimper. He stopped by the side of the road and found lying in the snow a dirty ragged shivering little puppy dog. "I am cold and hungry and have no home and nobody loves me," whimpered the poor dirty ragged little puppy dog.

"Oh you poor dear little puppy dog!" cried Ronnie, as he gathered him in his arms, "I love you. I shall take you home with me and you will be my very own little puppy dog."

When Ronnie got home, he ran into the house and called "Mother, Mother, look at the lovely puppy dog I found. He is going to live here and be my very own puppy dog!" But Mother frowned at the poor shivering little puppy dog and replied angrily, "I won't have that dirty ragged little wretch in my house!"

Ronnie and the puppy dog sat down and began to cry. "Oh what shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Why don't you give me a bath?" asked the puppy dog.

"That's just what I'll do," exclaimed Ronnie. So he got a nice big tub filled with warm soapy water, put the puppy dog in it and scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed. When the bath was over the puppy dog was just beautiful. He was no longer a dirty ragged puppy dog, but he was white, silky, soft, shiny and fluffy. Ronnie brought him to Mother and asked "May I keep this puppy dog?" Mother cried, "Oh what a lovely, white, silky, soft, fluffy puppy dog. You may keep that one."

Ronnie and the puppy dog were so happy that they danced around in a circle giggling and laughing about the big joke they played on Mother.

—Rose Zankan.

THE PLACE OF LITERATURE

AND ART—Continued from page 27.

portrayed in the characters of fiction and painting—is to strengthen the bonds of friendship. And Literature and Art help us to understand not only our own people, but the people of other nations as well. We read Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," and never again can we think or speak lightly of the Chinese peasant. We attend a performance of "Lady Precious Stream," a Chinese play two thousand years old, which ran in Toronto some time ago, and ever afterward we entertain a respect for Chinese drama. Every good book is translated into many languages. A good book needs no translation. Surely the inference here is clear. Good books and good Art are universally known and appreciated. Thus if Literature and Art promote universal understanding they may do much to promote universal peace.

—G. Madeline Ferguson.

A Visit to Toyland

ONE night, when Billy was asleep in his little bed, some fairies slid down the moonbeams onto his shoulders and whispered to him.

"Wake up, Billy, wake up! We are going to play with the toys."

Billy looked up at his visitors with wondering eyes, and asked:

"Play with the toys? How can we do that?"

"Come with us, and you will see," they answered.

They helped Billy scramble from his bed, hurried from the room, and into the soft darkness of the night.

Soon they arrived at the toy department of a big store. As they stood at the door, Billy could hear a queer pattering, rustling noise coming from the room. The fairies brought him in and told the toys that they had brought Billy to play with them. Billy was very much surprised to see them moving about and playing among themselves. A friendly teddy bear stopped playing for a while, and explained that at midnight, when little boys and girls are asleep, the toys come to life and play among themselves. Billy had a wonderful time playing with all the toys and watching them play together.

When the night ended the fairies hurried him back to his room, slid through the window down the fading moonbeams, and tucked him into bed. In the morning, Billy told his mother about the toys, and she said it was just a dream. He was sure, though, that it wasn't a dream, and that the fairies really had taken him to play with the toys.

—Ruth Fox.

EXPIATION—Continued from page 29.

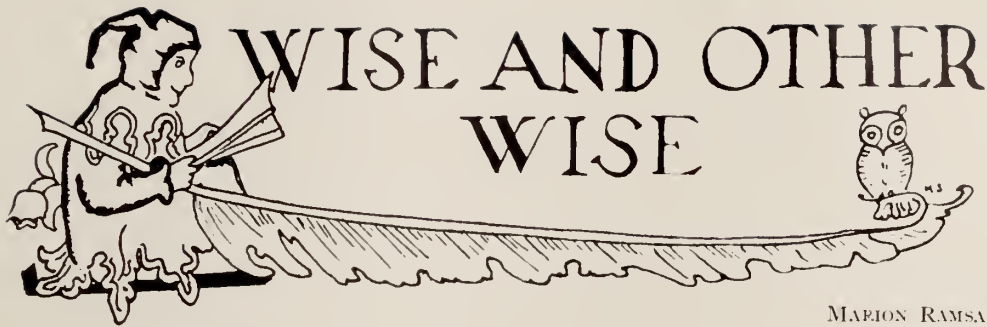
lowered, he looked up to see a grey head appear over the rail. Through the confusion came the words, "You shan't escape. The sea is never cheated."

Days passed. The sun blazed down with savage heat upon the occupants of the little boat, and was reflected brassily from the surface of the water. He sat apart from the others in the stern of the boat. No one had spoken to him. His thirst was becoming acute torment. From the tops of successive seas he surveyed the expanse of heaving ocean, shading his bloodshot eyes. Once a feather of smoke against the grey sky excited him, but nothing came of it.

Queer hallucinations beset him after a while. He and that old man were together on a raft and the waves were reaching for them. "They'll get you. They'll get you," the old man leered. And finally it seemed that they had.

Later, when a rescuing party sighted the little boat, all who had waited and watched for so many days were faint with hunger and thirst, and all were sane but one. He was quite mad, and kept chanting, "It didn't get me. It didn't get me."

—Marion Ramsay.



MARION RAMSAY

The parlour sofa holds the twain
Miranda and her love-sick swain
Headshe
But hark! A step upon the stair
And papa finds them sitting there
He and she.

* * *

And when the flood was over and Noah had freed all
the animals, he returned to the ark to make sure that all had
left. He found two snakes in the corner, crying. They told
him their sorrow:

"You told us to go forth and multiply upon the earth,
and we are Adders."

* * *

Post Office—A nice game that carries the stamp of Mr.
Clarke's approval.

* * *

Pupil—"Please, Miss O'Neil, what makes the tower of
Pisa lean?"

Marion—"I don't know or I'd take some myself."

* * *

The following problems have been encountered in the
practice schools. We hereby request the masters to present
the solutions at their earliest convenience.

How does a catfish?
Where has poor polygon?
Why did the two cent stamp?
How many horses do you think Sir Galahad?
Did Sir Walter Raleigh after the battle?
Speaking of Cleopatra, when did Julius Caesar?

* * *

Lend a neighbour a garden rake and he'll come back
for mower.

* * *

Bob: "I'm more in favour of the Canadian mode of
spelling than the American."

Anne: "Why?"

Bob: "Why, take 'parlour' for instance; having 'u' in
it makes all the difference in the world."

* * *

Mr. Wheeler, while discussing rhythm bands: "All the
children will want to be drums—you'll have to use your head
there".

* * *

Deductive Reasoning:

Abnormal: ab--away from

Normal—L. N. S.

Therefore, next year we shall be abnormal.

The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views
Could he compare the ones we print
With those we did not use.

Critic teachers complain of lack of concrete material in
our lessons. Then, in cooking classes, Miss Davidson com-
plains of too much of it. Well, well—you can't win.

* * *

A golf ball is another thing that never stays where it is
putt.

* * *

Miss Petch: "Why does Missouri stand at the head in
mule-raising in the United States?"

Pupil: "Because the other end is dangerous."

* * *

Miss Emery while discussing a piece of junior art: "Here
we see a dog chasing a cat over a fence—no, no—three kittens
being chased by a wolf up a tree."

* * *

Earle: "Do you know Art?"

Frank: "Art who?"

Earle: "Artesian."

Frank: "Sure, I know Artesian well."

* * *

Hear ye! Hear ye! All restrictions from the popular but
slangy saying, "Go to town," have been withdrawn since the
day when Mr. Clarke said, "You must really go to town with
your pupils in the country." We have notified Mr. Webster
and are eagerly awaiting the next edition of his dictionary.

* * *

Izzy: Vere's my spectacles?

Abie: On dere nose.

Izzy: Don't be so indefinite.

* * *

Flattery is 90 percent soap.

And soap is 90 per cent. lye.

* * *

Mr. McKone says that when he is out camping, he al-
ways gets up early to see Capella and the kids.
True confession!

* * *

Even the everyday things in life have taken on the
superior advisory attitude since we came to Normal.

"Aspire to greater things," says the nutmeg.

"Do the work you are suited for" says the chimney.

"Never be led" advises the pencil.

"Take pains" says the window.

* * *

"Never," said Mr. McEachern pleadingly, "Never fold
back the covers of a book because then the leaves come out."
His voice broke now, "When the leaves come out, it's . . .
it's . . .

(Bright voice from rear) "It's spring."

NAME	ALIAS	KNOWLEDGE	SKILLS	ATTITUDE
Ruth Fox	Mr. Paganini	Puh-lenty	Making punch	The play's the thing
Norman Powe	Demosthenes	See encyclopedia	Stumping	More Powe to you
Doris Gent	E. Pauline Gentson	E. Pauline Johnson	Playing Indian	Wahoo!
Marion Ramsay	Check and Double Check	Questioning	Primary Reading	Doubtful
Marion O'Neil	The Irish	Dark and deep	Fortune telling	Darker and deeper
Tom Billington	Billy-Boy	B. A. (Big Apple)	Star gazing	A carrot a day
Helen Lillie	Lillie Pons	du Damroche	Singing low Doh	Heavy opera
Moneta Stinson	Neta	We're waiting	Smiling	We're still waiting
Muriel P. Petch	Maid o' the Mist	Mr. Einstein —	Lead on!	2B or not 2B
Doris Lucas	Doric	About dated coffee	Seeing red	Red's the thing
Earle Sanborne	The Lady in Red	How to date 'em	Dancing??	Luc-us up sometime
Jean Norton	Madame Butterfly	Limitless	Lah-ing	Melodic
Ellanor Ogletree	Sadie Shortskirts	What knowledge?	Those eyes!	Where's that mouse?
Jean Hammond	Betty Co-ed	Unnecessary	Looking beautiful	What fools men be
Helen Morrison	Carrie Nation	Women's suffrage	Huffman's	Down with men!
Rose Zankan	Rosalie	Tremendous	Thinking	The road to the stars!
Frank Bagnall	Frank-enstein	All about art	Things to come	I wanna make rhythm
Anne Hrynyk	Roberta	100%	Bob-skating	Harassed
Robert Harris	Ann-onymous	Ann-ologous colours	Ukr-Ann-ian Dancing	Ann How!
Dorothy Long	Lady Macbeth	My! My!	Finding Gord.	Ah Hamilton!
Verna Mifflin	Agnes McPhail	The Greeks knew	Social hostess	Mr. Clarke says. . . .
Ben Winiarz	Don Juan	Patience, friends	Dancing	Ten pretty girls?
Rena Shed	Fanny Brice	Closed for repairs	Just a' wondering	Tsk! Tsk!
Marg. McDiarmid	Miss D. Webster	Limited	Dictionary-ing	Volitional
Alice Smith	Smitty	Unquestionable	Singing	Any men?
Elmer Yeandle	The seventh dwarf	Oh Elsie!	Blushing	I wonder if. . . .
Ora Rogers	Miss Innocence	It's a' coming	Helping. . .	"That's grand"
Jean MacDonald	Blondie	Exhaustless	Advertising	Men—phooey!
Edna Whittaker	Victoria	"Once in a while"	Enjoying week-ends	Yeah Toronto!
Don Fortune	Doc	Yeah Western!	He'll tell you	Now I think. . . .
Isabel Matheson	Bunny	Oil 'n' stuff	Dancing	Easter baskets?

—MARION RAMSAY.



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A SCIENCE ACTIVITY—Continued from page 23

to them. Do we not walk the streets of London in search of truth? Do we not approach the river Thames to satiate our thirst for knowledge at its brink?

(2) How the Trees are "Demonstrated" to us. "What is the name of that tall tree on the other side of the street?" Silence is the only response. We all think very rapidly but somehow we cannot express our thoughts in words. Where has one seen that tree before? No. One has never seen it.

"It is a white pine," we are told. We must remember that when our hair is white, so we jot down "White Pine" in our note-books. It's a note worth noting.

(3) How the Squirrels and Birds "Demonstrate" Themselves to us. While we are studying other trees in a similar manner, two little gray squirrels, chasing each other on the uppermost branch of a tree, attract our attention. We watch them for some time.

"Look at those starlings!" Why, they are the birds we are looking for!

So certain are we of this that some of us look at them through the field-glasses.

"Listen. What bird is that?"

"It is a cardinal," answers a chorus of voices. But the cardinal, unlike the starlings, prefers to be heard and not seen, and we look around in vain.

"Look, what handsome tree is this?" asked our guide. It was the hackberry, with a

light grey bark covered by corky warts. It is related to the elm.

Again, "Here is another tree. How do you like it?" "Fine, with its interesting zigzag twigs and creamy white bark." It peeled off in rather small plates. "Oh, what are those ball-like things hanging from the twigs?" "Glad you saw them. They are the fruit, so the tree is sometimes called Buttonball, but better known as the Sycamore."

4. EXPRESSION DURING PRESENTATION:

(1) "Can you name all the trees that weep near the banks of the Thames River?"

(2) "I wish I could see that cardinal. I have never seen one."

"Never seen a cardinal! Of course, you come from Manitoba, and what birds do you see there? I am sure I have seen them all."

"Have you seen a prairie chicken?"

"What kind of a fowl is that?"

(3) "How many times did you see the same robin?"

—SISTER JEAN.

PARTY GIVEN BY THE STAFF—Continued from page 24

just such a person as she to keep the school in strict order, and to teach the children in the most efficient manner. Somewhat dubious as to the necessity of doing so, the board allowed the third applicant to state her qualifications. This was the very charming and beautifully dressed girl whose flirtatious ways we had noted during the previous meeting. The men on the board, especially the bachelor secretary (Mr. McEachern),

[Continued on page 40



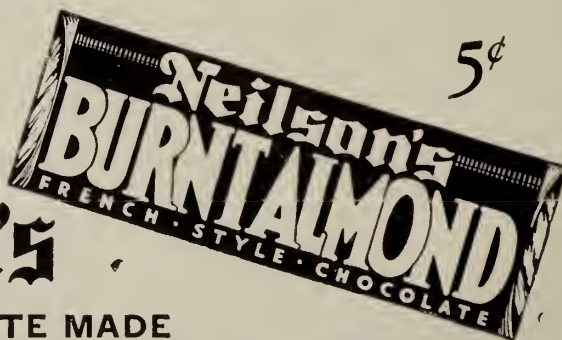
Almonds...

were first known in Southwestern Asia

THE origin of the almond is a matter of conjecture, so long has it been known. It is supposed to be a native of Southwestern Asia and the Mediterranean region. There are two types, the bitter and sweet. The bitter almond appears to be the original, the sweet may have been an accidental variety. Today the latter is grown extensively in Southern Europe and in California. The almond was known

in England in the 11th century as the "Eastern Nutte-Beam." It is used to some extent in medicinal and other preparations, but the nuts are chiefly used for eating. There are hard shell, soft shell and some specially thin-shelled varieties known as paper shells. The long almonds of Malaya, known as Jordan almonds and the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued.

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quickly capitulated to her charms, and she was appointed forthwith, and on her own terms.

This delightful entertainment was followed by a delicious lunch, served in the gymnasium, and dancing was for a while the order of the night.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES—Continued from page 14

Pons, and Kate Smith O'Neil. We owe a debt of gratitude to the members of the staff who lent their patronage to the dance at the Hollywood. We recall the startled look on their dear faces when the Big Apple began. With all due respect to the performers it sounded much more like the Westward Trek, and it certainly endangered many lives. A careful observer would have seen some of our more decorous students dancing hilariously, and might have caught a suspicious twitch to Mr. Clarke's toes as he watched from the sidelines.

I have grown tired of describing so much enthusiasm and energy. Likewise, the students had seemingly, grown tired of dancing, for there was now a lull in the social life. Then came the new parliament, bringing with it a determination to live up to election promises. The St. Patrick's dance, convened by Norman Powe, is so fresh in your memory that again I hesitate to intrude with my impressions. Perhaps if I tread softly, you won't mind. Now that I come to the point of actually writing my impressions I find that they are vague and fleeting. Released, for the first time, from the

necessity of tending to the mechanics of the dance, I find that the entire evening left only a pleasant blur in my memory. I recall that the decorations were beautifully carried out, that the favours were attractive, that the punch was green instead of orange. I think that Bob Harris was sporting a new dance step, that the Paul Jones was hectic, but fun, and that Betty Jackson looked sad because the Big Apple was forbidden.

It is growing late, my light flickers balefully. As I re-read this article a thousand dancing figures jumble themselves crazily before my eyes. The Big Apple is mixed up with the Rye Waltz, orchestras blare at me, someone shrieks in my ear, crepe-paper winds about my head. I pause, close my eyes, and slowly the ideas extricate themselves and slip back to their allotted stalls. I become conscious of one thought which I should like to leave with you. As the dance of life progresses, remember that there are always places on the sidelines, where you may retreat to analyse, gain a clearer knowledge and understanding of the situation or fresh inspiration; and from which you may finally go forth better equipped for the fray.

—DOROTHY LONG.

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King Alfred conquered the Dames.

A goblet is a male turkey.

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